



# Ghost



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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Theres this fear inside me that no one can explain.

They tell me its all in my head, They tell me I will be free. But define free?

I was killed in a drinking and driving car crash that took my familys life. Now what? Now what do I do? Following my killer forever seems like a perfect waste of time.

His name is Eric. Hes tall with this shaggy brown hair that falls in front of his face. He ran from the scene of the accident, and now he has to live with it. He dosent know I'm his ghost, But he dose know I'm there....

## Chapter 2 by A-TypeWriter



It began with small things: moving clothing and other small objects around his house as he slowly realized what was actually happening. I was walking around very loudly so he'd hear me, but now it's progressed to me leaving messages on his bathroom mirror, appearing behind him every time he looks into it, slamming doors when he's in the other room, scratching him, standing next to him as he sleeps, doing nothing when guests are around so they all think he's

crazy.

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I feel like I'm starting to get more of a grip on the feeling of vengeance just isn't satisf

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His life is falling apart because of my old, I can't believe he believes him and it's all my doing.

My question is: Should I feel guilty?

### Chapter 3 by Rose Winchester



Can ghosts even feel guilty? I am jolted out of my thoughts by the front door slamming. I speed out of the room to resume my reign of terror, Eric walked into the kitchen nervously glancing behind him, he could sense my presence. I walked up to him and breathed down his neck causing him to turn around and look for me. I floated over to the counter and grabbed a knife slamming the cupboards as I went.

I leaned over him saying "Are you sorry, yet?!" I thrust the knife beside his ear and let out a gleeful cackle. I didn't intend to kill him I just want to torture him. He got up and ran screaming into his room. I grabbed the bottle of ketchup. 'Perfect' I thought to myself. I went through the ceiling to his room. On the wall I wrote in the "Bloody" letters, YOU WILL PAY!

"W-Who are y-you?" He stammered, his voice laced with terror. I let my form become less transparent.

"Don't you recognize me? You should, considering that you killed me..." I whispered menacingly.

"But, who's to say I won't kill you?" I let out another gleeful laugh and turned transparent again. I drifted away debating whether I should actually kill him. 'Nah, I'll toy with his terror a little bit more' I thought but I couldn't stop my thoughts turning to making it look like a suicide, a paranormal kill, or.....

### Chapter 4 by Strawberry Princess



"AAAHARGH!" He suddenly let out a tremendously loud noise which sounded like a cry from hell filled with rage and plain hatred, and with a remarkable strength his fist punched a huge dent into the refrigerator door. Then he broke down in tears.

"Look at yourself, you Bastard! You worthless piece of shit! What's wrong with you?" He started furiously yelling at the crooked reflection of himself on the stainless steel fridge. His eyes full of tears, his body shaking as if in pain. "A nervous breakdown?! Again, you pussy??" Looking as if terribly hurt, his eyes closed, his shoulders fell down and with a softer voice he whispered, his former clenched fists now covering his face: "It's all since the accident. That terrible accident "

He collapsed on the kitchen floor sobbing and crying. "Oh God, please forgive me!" he whined lying on his side with his arms no longer covering his face. He slowly moved his shivering body back and forth. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I don't wanna go crazy, oh God, please make it stop, I feel so guilty, I can't stand this anymore!"

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And neither could I. Holy shit, I have never witnessed a man being in such an utterly miserable state of mind. He was crying like a little baby, with tears running down his face like the niagara falls. I had to shut him down.

"Oh, just cut it off!" My words echoed through his tiny, filthy kitchen in a monstrous, demon-like voice I didn't even know I was capable of. He instantly froze between two heartbreaking sobs and his puffy, red eyes started to quickly scan the room, desperately trying to make out the source of that gruesome voice of mine.

"Yes, you pitiful crybaby, that's right! You are not hallucinating. I am not a creation of your messed up mind, I am the result of your drunken ass, having killed me and my family in a fucking hit and run!" And that was it. I honestly didn't know what to do next. There I was, dead and invisible, haunting a miserable young man, trying to make him pay for, well, for WHAT? Being a sad, messed up depressive Fuck-up who was most likely going to suffer from his terrible mistake for the rest of his pitiful life anyways? Probably on his best way to become the new member of the Alcoholics Anonymous? And if he's lucky he wouldn't mess up too many other people's lives on his way of suffering!?! I suddenly had severe doubts about whether I was doing the right thing. All of a sudden I was wondering what my parents would have to say about me playing vengeance woman, acting like being some sort of godly judge deciding what's right and what's wrong. After all, I didn't even know if I really hated that guy so badly anymore. I looked down on him, then glanced around and for the first time I recognised that his kitchen, just like the rest of his sad apartment, was in a state of terrible mess. I couldn't make out a tiny space that was not packed with dirty dishes, old pizza cartons or half-empty beer bottles. And it smelled badly. "Holy cow, when was the last time you did the dishes? In fact, when was the last time you actually made yourself some healthy meal?"

## Chapter 5 by Aimee10



"Is that what your here for?! To lecture me on my eating and cleaning habits?! If so I'll change! I'll go back to the way I used to be before the accident! I'll do anything, just please make it stop!" Then I realised that the accident didn't just ruin me and family's lives. It ruined his as well.

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I sank to the floor sobbing with my hands covering my face  
"I'm sorry" I said in a low voice  
Unknowingly I turned visible.  
The man turned to face me with his puffy red eyes and a look of disbelief crept onto his face.  
"It-t is y-you!! The girl fro-o-m t-he acc-i-ide-e-n-nt!" He said while stuttering.

## Chapter 6 by nerdieflutie11



"Y-yeah, it's me." I muttered, too perplexed by the fact that I could *feel*, I could see my body like it was before the accident. Which is something I never thought I would get back. "You really didn't know it was me? Not even after all the threats? The actual pain I had caused you?"

"N-no, I had no idea. After the accident, I felt so bad that I ran away. I didn't know what else to do. It was idiotic, I know, but would you have done differently?"

I think about that for a moment, but I already know the answer. "All these years I've been haunting you..."

His eyes are bloodshot as they search mine. "Y-yeah."

"So why am I human again?" I asked, bending my fingers. I never realized how much I missed moving until I could actually *move* like I used to.

"I-I don't know."

But /think I do know. "Maybe the guilt won't let me leave."

The thought terrified me.

**Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8** (1 draft)

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